VOLUME VIII.

GREAT BEND, KANSAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1891.

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Recollections of D'zie. SEETHE CLD PLAN-tation on the dark Red river bank; The fields of cotton-stalks and stubble-And the cotton-wood se All along the levee And the negro cabins down the sodd en

> see the "white folks' house," with its wide verandas spread spread Like great big arms of welcome to the

I see the old gin-house, with its broken windowlights,
And white lint scattered all about the door;
And I hear its creaking noise,
And the clear voice of "the boys"
Singing darkey songs I'll love forever more.

I see the big black kettle on the roaring green-wood fire.

And the scaffold where the tutchered pigs are

sid; It is now "hog-killin' time," Darkey fun is in its prime, ris mus bladders, blown up, ripen in the



I smell the spare-ribs in the frying-pan!
"Chris'mus comes but onct a year,
Ever' nigger wants his share,
So good-bye, I'se gwine to see my Mary

So the long, bright, winter day fades to gray dusk in the west,
While the stars come out and twinkle in the sky;
On the frosty fields they beam,
On the dark old bloody stream—

I'm so homesick-I must stop and-have a

. THE OLD PLANTATION.

A Christmas Eve Story.



HE GOLDEN SUNlight sparkles on the river and shines on the green slope of lawn leading down to its banks: for, though this is Dec. the 24th, 1859, grass has not yet turned brown. Out on the lawn by the

antique moss-grown sun-dial stands, in enger expectancy, a slim, black figure. He watches the shadow move slowly— so very slowly it seems to him—around the dial. Fifteen minutes—ten minutes-five minutes-will it never reach the hour? At last it falls just on the figure twelve. Then, with a shout and a look up at the sun, just overhead, he a look up at the sun, just overhead, he speeds off across the lawn, past the poultry yards, by "the children's house," all unheading of the calls of playmates. Breathless, he reaches the barns where hangs the great plantation bell. Holding the rope



YOUNG HEN OF GIRLS TROOP IN.

and awaiting him, stands Sam, who is -under the master himself-the rules of this little world.

This, the day before Christmas, is a half-holiday, and begins for every soul on the plantation a week of careless

The treasures of the Southern woods, glowing vines and berries, and even winter flowers, have been used in glowing vines and berries, and even winter flowers, have been used in adorning the great dining-hall and parlors, while every bed-room has its wreaths of crimson yapon and lovely holly twisted and fastened with gray, drooping moss. Above the front entrance glows a "Welcome!" standing out in bold relief—the letters formed of orange and scarlet berries against a background of soft, green, wood-ferns.

There is a merry din of voices as the doors swing open and a gay company of young men and girls troop in. They crowd into the parlor, throwing off wraps and hate as they come, and grouping about the fire, jostle each other good-naturedly, all endeavoring to speak at once to their hostess, a pretty, black-haired matron, looking as young as her own daughters.

"Have you near Fleis and Mr. Pod.

pretty, black-haired matron, looking as young as her own daughters.

"Have you seen Elsie and Mr. Rodney, Mrs. Cheverill? She started with us on our walk, and he promised to join us at the style over the pasture fence, but he never made his appearance, and Elsie vanished before we passed by Cedar Grove."

"It wath the strangest thing," put in little Ernest Travers. "I juth left her a moment to take a brier from Mith Annie'th dreth, and when I came bach she wath gone!"

Annie th dretn, and washing the wath gone!"
"Yeth, she wath!" said Ledy CheverIll in the same doleful tone; "but the best part of it was, mother, I am per-



A CHRISTMAS EVE DREAM.

Cheverill said:
"I wish Elsie would come in: you

know I do not approve of single couples wandering away by themselves in the woods."

"They would make such a nice couple; "They would make such a nice couple; it is a pity," said Mrs. Cheverill, sympathizingly.

"They would make such a nice couple; to the garden's gate, and, hitching their bridles to the fence, walk slowly up the path to the gre front door,

thizingly.

"Don't sigh over it, mother. I'll wager that if they met in the grove the affair is all fixed by now. There is an atmosphere about that place perfectly irresistible to young lovers."

The meal progresses gaily, and the jolly host has just asked: "What has become of Elsie?" when the door opens and, looking very flushed, a little conscious, and wholly breathless from fast walking, she and Rodney appear. He carries his gun and empty game-bag, earries his gun and empty game-bag, which the butler takes from him with a which the butier takes from him Nellie slightly deprecating air, while Nellie Say belated travelers who would removes Miss Stewart's wraps, and Mrs. down and leave her toilet until after lunch. So they take their chairs and self, answers the summons. make a show of eating, but really ac-complish but little in that line.

complish but little in that line.

There are some sly, amused glances thrown at the very conscious pair, but they are mercifully left unteased and unrailed at their long absence, until the is the meaning of this—almost midirrepressible Leda says, with a burst of

long suppressed merriment:
"For what a lot of marriages is this old plantation answerable! Even from time of our grandfathers. Say, Elsie, did you stop at 'Engagement

And then, to cover the young couple's confusion, the gracious hostess arises, and in the general movement Elsie escapes to her room.

Christmas Eve! The negro quarters are alive with light and joy and dance. Great piles of pine-knots blaze on the brick and earthen stands which are placed one in front of each negro-house. Not rough cabins these, but comforta-ble frame buildings with huge chim-



neys, in which burn grand fires of oak, myrtle and pine. In a large, long room, built for the purpose, with a deep chimney at either end in which the pine knots are piled two feet high, are congregated all the young negroes of the looked up smiling in her husband's face.

ing tint of their crimson shades. The five-light dances and gleams over the warm-hued carpets, lighting up the delicate tint of the walls, reflecting itself in silver and glass, and making more and Elsie became engaged this day, a year ago. Three months after, they quarreled about a mere trifle, and since then they have not been on speaking terms. It was something of a shock to both when they met here."

"The truth is, mother, Mr. Rodney in silver and glass, and making more raddy the berries of holly and yapon above the windows and arching doors. No one hears the swift beat of inorses' feet upon the hard bed of the broad armuels with their weary rader, at they canter on the soft grown of the soft grown of the soft grown and making more raddy the berries of holly and yapon above the windows and arching doors. welcome showing out boldly in the moonlight, and with ruddy gleams shining through the wide tran om above ey take each other's bands, and the girl smiles wanly as the man knocks boldly, commandingly, at the door. The gray-haired butler answers the

"Who shall I say, san?" he asks, ushering them into a small ante-room. The man hesitates, but the girl re-

The host, half unwillingly, lays down his hand at whist, and, excusing him-

As he enters the room he recognizes

is the meaning of this—almost mid-night, and you here?" The girl lays her hand in his proffered

one, and says simply: "I am Mrs. Robinson now, and this gentleman is my husband. In "this gentleman" Mr. Cheverill recognizes the overseer of his friend, and hardens immediately. Dropping the girl's hand, he says, shortly, "Im-

possible!" and awaits their explanation.

His tone stings the young man.
"It is a fact, Mr. Ch. II," he begins impetuously. "I courted Miss Duncan openly and honorably, but her father laughed me to scorn and bid me pay my court to one in my own sphere. We kept apart then, I attending to my duties, and hoping time would soften him. At last I went to him again and asked his consent to the renewal of my attentions. He hooted at the very idea of such a thing, and bid me remember that planters daughters did not marry their fathers overseers. Stung to fury, I told him I should win Miss Damean in spite of him, and he, believing it but an idle boast, allowed me to stay on,

"You abused his confidence. Will you tell me, sir, why you come with all quickly.

this to me?"
"O. Mr. Cheverill, listen to me,"
pleaded the girl. "I loved him so, and
could not bear to give him up. He wanted to go away. saying he knew it wanted to go away saying at knew it was not right to drag me below my station, but my sorrow, my tears, overcame his resolutions, and we—"
"Ran away and got married, like two fools!" put in the planter, angrily. "What do you suppose I can do about it? I don't approve of it at all. I can

The in," protests Mr. Cheverill. "By employing you I would give a seeming indorsement to your conduct-which I do not in the least feel-and anger against me my good and old friend, your

"But I am so tired, and it is so late." murmurs the girl.
"To-night you shall have rest and entertainment. I turn no one from my

door; but to-morrow will be——"
"Merry Christmas!" comes in one
great shout from the dancers. The
tall clock in the hall peals twelve, and the great plantation bell jangles merrily, rung by the little darkies who have

"Merry Christmas, father! I've caught you!" shouts Leda, rushing out and hugging her father ecstatically; then, catching sight of the strangers, exclaims: "Why, Miss—"
"Mrs. Robinson, my dear," interrupts
Mr. Cheverill, impressively; "the wife



out of a place and looking for employ-ment, which he wishes me to give." Her position is clearly defined, but

again the young bride smiles fearlessly in her husband's face.

"Give him the employment, then, father; we are waiting for you to toast the Christmas-tide." Leda went in as she spoke, and from the negro quarters came the sound of a Christmas hymn, with its high-pitched

Mr. Cheverill rang the bell near him sharply.
"Tell Sam I want him," he said to the boy who came.

The man answered the summon

Merry Christmas, massa; Christmas gif'," he said, as he drew near.
"Merry Christmas, Sam, and here's
your gift," banding him some silver pieces. "I am sorry to take you from your fun, but is the overseer's house in

good repair?"
"Yes, sah; but it's dark and shet up." "Yes, sah; but it's dark and shet up."
"Well, have fires lit in all the rooms;
send Elsie to see that everything is
right, and when all is ready let Mr.
Robinson know. I have engaged him
for the next year to be my overseer, and
I hope you will be a very good assistant."
The man went to do as he was bid, and the young couple rose to express their joyous thanks.

The man went to do as he was old, and the young couple rose to express heir joyous thanks.

"Not a word, not a word; you ewe it wight county, Va. That was

of the big cedars in the grove until we all went by. She has not a bit of use for Ernie, and he knows it; yet he will torment her"

"Lunch is ready, young ladies; won't you come fix a bit?" the girl asked, as she led the way.

They followed her to their several apartments—all but the eldest daughter.

As the last one left the room Mrs.

The lamps glow beneat it the soften—it all but the eldest daughter.

The lamps glow beneat it the soften—it all but the lagest one left the room Mrs.

The lamps glow beneat it the soften—it all but the lagest one left the room Mrs.

The lamps glow beneat it the soften—it all but the lagest one left the room Mrs.

The lamps glow beneat it the soften—it all but the lagest one left the room Mrs.

The lamps glow beneat it the soften—it all but the light and warmth within.

The lamps glow beneat it the soften—it all but the light and soften below to the season, not to me. Do your duty, Robinson, and let you wife forget who she has been and we will get on whether and I have not a place to take her. Her father drove us away with curses, and she thought of you—that you might give me employment.

Out from the inner room comes a burst of music and gay voices. The lamps glow beneat it the soften—it rembles and looks longingly at the planter.

The lamps glow beneat it the soften—it rembles and looks longingly at the colered appeared in the Christmas Story was itten.

The portrait that eccor penies this duty, Robinson, and leaving long, Mr.

The portrait that eccor penies this duty, would prove with curse, and she thought of you—that you might give me employment.

Out from the inner room comes a burst of music and gay voices. The lamps glow beneat it the soften.

The lamps glow beneat it the soften was a station and that you might, Mr.

The lamps glow walk melody whose fall and joy.

And the wild ye on the inner room comes a burst of music appeared in the Christmas number of must

and station. "Did you take him, father?" whis-

pered Leda, as she passes him his third rlass of egg-nog.
"Yes: look through the window yonder and you will see their shadows

the curtain." Far off across the lawn, the light is gleaming brightly through the white curtains of the overseer's house, and within the young wife is saying:
"I would rather have you and this dear little home, John, than all the glories of a planter's daughter."

A knock calls them to the door.

A young darkey, bearing a tall, covered pitcher, presents himself.
"Miss Leda sen' dis aig-nog, and say as how she hope you'll hab a merry Christmas and a happy year in de new

The fires are dving down in the negro quarters, but still the sound of song and music rings out from the long room, while the fiddler calls the figures of the lance, and the dusky forms "wheel and turn and then salute your partners."
In the "big house" the lights are out in the pariors, and the tired servants have gone to bed, for theirs has been a

busy day. The girls gossip softly with each other, for fear the chattering will men smoke their cigars, and Rodney sees laughing brown eyes in the smoke of his as he takes his last puff, and, with a soul-contented cight. disturb the old folks, while the with a soul-contented sigh, goes to bed.
"Duncan will be furious," says Mr.
Theverill to his wife, as he relates the incident of the evening: and she replies, with the dear contradiction of a womin's heart:

poor things, at Christmas, tool I wonler how that girl could ever so forget what was due to her station?"

Off in the "overseer's house" across the lawn, there is peace and joy. Love, the great comforter, has made them oblivious to tired limbs and strange sur-roundings. With light hearts and happy smiles, they look into each other's eyes and remember not the barriers of

FIRST CHRISTMAS BELLS Venerable St. Luke's. The first Christmas church chimes

ver heard in the United States rang



RELIC OF CHRISTMAS 1632.

on Dec. 25, 1632, twelve years after the anding of the first organized body of Christians.

Christians.

The antiquity of this venerable church is proven by two deeply marked date bricks that came down with the east wall in the year 1887, when the original top fell in.

The church having been abandoned as a house of worship in 1836, in the year 1885 Rev. David Barr, then rector of the church at Smithield. Va., and now the assistant minister of the Church of the Epiphany of Washington, D. C., under-

Epiphany of Washington, D. C., under-took the work of having the old church took the work of having the out church put in perfect and complete order. In the restoration twelve of the small windows composing the east window, the nave windows and vestrywindow, the nave windows and vestryroom windows are to be memorials. In
the east window will be one each to
Washington, the only memorial winlow to him in the United States;
Lee Bridges, the builder of the
church; Rev. Mr. Hubard, last colonial

church; Rev. Mr. Hubard, last colonial parson of the church up to 1862, when he lied; Bishops Maulson, Mooro, Meede and Johns, Virginia's four deceased pastors; Sir Walter Raleigh, Capt. John Smith, John Rolfe, husband of Pocahontas, and Rev. Dr. Blair, founder of William and Mary college.

The southwest corner window in the nave will be a memorial of Pocahontas, provided principally by her descendnave will be a memorial of Pocahontas, provided principally by her descendants, and the two opposite ones are memorials of Parsons Hunt and Whittaker, first and second chaplains with Capt. John Smith in the Virginia colony. Whittaker baptised Pocahontas and married her to Rolfe. The first coof was put on the church in 1633, the

THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

the present new one in 1887.

second in 1737, the third about 1821 and

How to Prepare It for the Gastronomic

"Turkey boiled is turkey speiled, Turkey roast is turkey lost. But for turkey braised the Lord be praised."

There may be divers opinions regarding the two first lines, but in regard to the third there will be no dissentient voice when once it has been tried. Fill the turkey with the best force-meat you can make. The most elegant is made of sweetbreads and mushrooms, or truffles intermixed, but an ordinary bread or chestnut stuffing, made savory with seasonings, will be very nice. After stuffing hold the bird breast down over a bright fire to stiffen it, and then lard with strips of salt pork. Place in a large saucepan, breast upward, with sliced carrot, onion, celery, and parsley, and cover with broth. Cook closely covered in the oven until the bird is ten ler, bast ng it occasionally to give the des red light brown color. When done, strain and time en the gravy and serve in a boat. For an elegant com-pany dish garnish with stoned olives, small force-meat balls made of chicken, mushrooms, and sweetbreads cut in

mental processes better than Mr. Page, and thousands of readers will feel that they have made almost a personal acquaintance with "Ole Hanover" when



they have read what Mr. Page makes

number of persons will be puzzled by the recollection that they have often met this identical colored man shuffling along the streets of New York, instead of in Virginia, where the story places him. As a matter of fact, "Ole Hanover" is a thoroughbred New York whitewasher, and beautiful as Mr. Pagaria story is it and, beautiful as Mr. Page's story is, it is not the true story. The old darky's portrait, painted by John W. Alexan-der, now hangs on the dining-room wall in the Fellowcraft club on East Twenty-ninth street, that city. and Mr. Alexander once told his friends in the club, where he is the vive-presi-lent, just how it came to be painted. lent, just how it came to be painted.

Mr. Alexander saw the old man on

the street and asked him to come up to his stud o in the Chelsea apartment house in Twenty-third street. Having gotten him there, he told him he ould make him a handsome pres would stand up and be painted. The old man was more than willing, and as be stood before the artist he rattled on n characteristic darky fashion, talk-ng about everything he could think about, and Mr. Alexander encouraged aim, lest he should get tired of stand-

ng.
"Ah dun know when ah was bo'n," he was saying when the right pose was struck by him and caught on the canvas. 'Ah cyarn't say nuffin' bout dat, but th'm pow'ful old. Ah's so old dat ah seen de British gumboats a-fightin' away off in de Gulf ob Mexico when ah was a b de guns was nuffin' but jist piff, piff,

b de guns was nuffin' bu' jist piff, piff, piff." That is what Oie Hanover is anying as the picture was laid out, and with each repetition of the word "piff" he soked out his forefinger as you see him loing in the portrait.

By and by he grew more at ease and, of course, grew a little more familiar in his speech. He was evidently puzzled by seeing all the elegances and ornaments of the painter's beautiful studio. Such is the true story about Ole Hanowar and his "po'trait."

A LESSON IN CONTENTMENT.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT, BY "UNCLE ELBORUS."

Fern leaf, hidden in a quiet dell, On Walnut's banks, had this quee tale to tell:

A month or more ago, (the leaf began),
I 'spied a ray of the November sun,
And as I bathed me in the mellow ray
A pretty robbin fluttered down my way
In friendly gomip I asked her to tell
How wags the world outside my quiet dell?

"The world! A-lack-a-day
My world is small, I seldom fly away
Beyond th' confines of this county fair
What is beyond I never have a care. I'm happy with my mate to dwell right here, Where all is joy, and plenty, and good cheer. The harvest moon went down behind great

fields
Of ripen'd grain that gave up bounteous yields;
The farmer sings contentment, and his wife
Goes cheerily about her cares of life;
The cows and horses, pigs, and chickens too,
Are sicek and fat, and all the county through There is a plenty—all do seem content— Both man and beast—with what the Lord hath sent."

Her story told, the plump bird flew away And joined her mate beside a stack of hay.

A honey bee stept from a hollow tree And looked about contented. Seeing

"Well, welli my modest little fera

Buzzed down where I lay sheltered from the

How fares it with thee at the season's turn? Hast shelter from the bitter northern blast That soon will carry snow-flakes thick and

I have a store of plenty and to spare; Indeed, there is abundance everywhere. The cribs and bins are full, and all the land Is blest with bounteous gifts from Nature's Back to her store-house Mistress Bee then

Contented, pleased, and very happy hearted. A lady-bug crawled out upon a limb
And stroked and smoothed her wing
so neat and wine Saying the while:

That we are living in this glorious state, Where summer laps upon the winter time, Where all the days are glorious and sublime With sougs of Nature, where all things are As in no other country in the west."

And so, the whole day long, my neighbors all
Who answered to my interested call, Who answered to my interested call,
i.i.d only words of pleasure and content,
J'er the good things the kindest Fate
had sent,
and I. a modest fern with verdure rife.

and I, a modest fern with verdure rife, am full contented with my lot in life. DEAR READER: Shall WE not a lesson learn, From this, the story of an humble fern?



ENGLISH sparrows have become so numerous in lilinois that the state now Page. No man knows the Southern offers abounty of two cents for English starrow heads. What a pichic le

boy with a "nigger-shooter!" FOSTER foretells that sure-enough winter weather in Kansas will commence January 10th. Get a hustle on you, boys; shuck the corn, patch up the sheds, and get ready to crawl in and

pull the hole in after you. A "bowling byena" for sale or trade. . Apply at this office.-Pawnee Rock

CAN it be that Bro. Huls has got tired of his Great Bend correspondent, and wants to sell or trade him off?

Poor Jerry Simpson hasn't got a stocking to his name, but he will plan to get uts Curistmas present just the same; for Jerry's far too prudent to ever miss a chance; he'll the the legs together and hang up a pair of pants.

THE Topeka Capital gives a half column of advice to sensible and honest ucmocrats in regard to fusion with the amance. The sensible democrats of Mansas will propably be able to detect tue Ical object of the Capital's advice, mat is to elect the republican ticket .-Wichita Beacon.

THE administration has concluded a recipiocity agreement with the British West Inuice and Brillian Guiana. Reciprocity with these countries is a great ucal line orthging coals to Newcastle; In fact that is an reciprocity, as the isw stanus, can accomplish with any coun-Lry .- Kausas City Star.

Personnell Caucus committee and his anisuce colleague Lyle ignored. Even Will leed and sleep the next six years. The republican caucus says it has not been able to place Kyle. The plain inference is that f'eller has squared him-Seil as an exponent of republican principies.-K. C. Times.

THE president was appointed that unsavory partner of Blame's, Steve Eisius, as secretary of war. The appointment is purely a political one, made for the purpose of reconciling the diame element to the re-nomination of Harrison. The long-headed generalship of King Jim again crops out in tuts appointment. He sees far enough ahead to discern the certain defeat for the next republican candidate for president, and while laughing in his sleeve at the fate in store for Bennie, sees to it that his-Blame's-friends get a share of the spoils while grandpa's grandson has the giving of them out.